

Robin-Red-Breast's
ANSWER
TO THE
Black-Bird's SONG.

Pinguam te coloribus vestris. . Eras. Adag.



L O N D O N: Printed in the Y E A R, 1715.

Robin Red-Breast

ANSWER

TO THE

Black Bird's SONG

First Edition



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LONDON: Printed in the Year 1812

Robin-Red-Breast's Answer.

A Dismal S O N G is Sung of late,
Of an unhappy *Black-Birds* Fate,
But Fate they say will all attend,
Until the World comes to an End:
Alas! what Man will now aspire,
To be from what is nothing higher.
Therefore there's naught but Providence,
Must be all Loyallists Defence.
Poor *Robin-Red-Breast* is a Creature,
Most harmless in it's very Nature;
Therefore here what I have to say,
Before you take my Life away.

*The Black-Bird as by News is said,
To Calice on a Sunday fled:
From London he did fly by Night,
In which he did a Thing most right;
For had the Black-Bird longer stay'd,
They'd certainly took off his Head.
And right enough, if you had heard,
How basely he had serv'd Guiscard;*

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Whom for my sake he Murder'd, when
He took me Saint, tho' worse than
The Fellow, who for my dear sake,
A Trip did unto Tyburn take.

Now Robin making this sad Story,
Not only to his Shame, but Glory,
That famous Catch in after-times
May be Rewarded of his Crimes;
Against the harmless Bird proceeds,
To tell his own, and others Deeds.

Pray, Gentlemen, my Tale attend,
And he that's pleas'd to be my friend,
Give ear unto what I've to say,
To help your selves another Day:
I, faith I was in R——r born,
The place of Birth I do not scorn,
And then to tell a Reason why,
A little, small Estate did lie,
Which rais'd me in short time t' improve
My Country folks and Kindred's Love.
Some Learning at the first I had,
Which really made me very mad,
So I was sent to study Law,
To keep my Servants all in awe,
Not other Folks, for really they,
For Counsel would deny a Fee,

*As knowing that I would delay
A Cause, and yet both sides shou'd pray;*

But now to talk of glorious B—ke,
Whom People for an honest Man mistook,
That is a Black-Bird whom I made my Tool,
And any Time oblig'd to be my Fool,
I brought him to high Titles strait,
But *Robin* being out of Date,
Such was his mighty Insolence,
Besides his saucy Impudence,
That he wou'd take away my Staff,
And then at my Disgrace wou'd laugh.
But now he's gone, and has a Nest,
Where he doth think his Quiet best;
However, as he durst not Stay,
But on a *Sunday* ran away,
It shews the Black-bird in this Clime
Was guilty of some heinous Crime;
For *Robin* knew himself so bright
From Plots, that if you'l do him right,
There's none but *Catch* can do him wrong,
Which will prevent the Blackbird's Song.
All *Jacks* knows I, and all my Kind,
Have been their Birds Time out of Mind,
Not Summers Heat, nor Winters Storms,
Nor Fowlers Gins, nor Night Alarms,

Nor all the new invented Snares,
 Contriv'd to catch us unawares,
 Cou'd fright me from my native Place,
 Or force me to desert my Race,
 Till G—g did make me somewhat fear,
 When he at Tyburn did appear,
 Parrots, and Jays, and chatt'ring Pies,
 May sooth you with their Tales and Lies;
 Canary-Birds with artful Throats,
 Amuse you with deluding Notes,
 And other Birds more false than they
 May Sing, as Soldiers fight, for Pay;

But truly I, Poor Robin knows
 (f nothing of our Gallick Foes,
 Nor wou'd I own it, till they came,
 To lay unto this Isle a Claim;

But as I am in time prevented,
 From acting what I once intended
 I am sorry, but not for the Deed;
 But as I did not, fir, succeed,
 In my most wicked wretched Plot,
 Which never ought to be sought,
 No more their Powder-Treason when
 They laid for all a mighty Train.

What Man, I wonder, now can say,
 Except the Black-Bird run away,

That

That I did e'er unfaithful prove,
 Unto the Crown, which I did love,
 So long as I could Money gain,
 In that most bright, auspicious Reign,
 When I, and mine, procur'd a Peace,
 That mighty Profit might not cease,
 Therefore Bats, Owls, and Birds of Night,
 From Robin Red-Breast took their flight,
 That he may not now undergo
 What he deserv'd some Years ago.

I think it's hard that I who shew'd
 All Sides, and never yet (Sir) shew'd
 From Int'rest shou'd become a Game,
 To those who do now seek my shame,
 Altho I come of humble Race,
 Yet once they Carried the Mace
 Before the poor, neglected him,
 Who then cou'd really want and trim,
 Poor Robin once was reckon'd wise,
 When he cou'd safely temperize,
 And all to raise his Family,
 To Grander and great Dignity.

But now to make no great Delay,
 Hear farther what I have to say,
 How comes it then, that now I see,
 A mixt amphibious Progeny

And

And only Strangers in the Place
 Your cooing Birds were wont to grace.
 The Linnet and the cheerful Lark,
 That us'd to chant around the Park,
 The sweet-tongu'd Finches, and the Thrush,
 That have so oft charm'd ev'ry Bush,
 Can hardly find a Twig to sing,
 Their grateful Welcomes to the Spring,
 The Nightingals and faithful Doves,
 Have all forsook the Springs and Groves,
 And in the saddest Notes complain,
 Of their unkind and harsh Disdain.
 Poor *Robin-Red-Breast*, and the Wren,
 Birds that associate most Men,
 Have left the House, and all are gone,
 To some more safe and trusty Dome,
 Where Ax nor Halter cannot take
 Our Lives away, 'cause for the sake,
 Of Interest we wou'd have Sold
 Our Laws and Country too for Gold.
 The very Sparrows in the Eaves,
 Altho, indeed domestick Thieves,
 Do on my Word, make Noise aloud,
 To see we were not really Good,
 Nay, even *Cocks*, of high Renown,
 That have so many *Battles* won,

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Neglected, lay their Weapons by;
And have no Prospects but to Die;
Their Combs and Gills, that were so red,
Are now grown pale, and withered,
Whilst *Dunghils* revel in their Pens;
And half-bred *Cravens* tread their *Hens*.

But now again, to tell my Tale,
Wherein I will not really fail:
When once I did resign the Place,
Wherein was born fore me the Mace,
It proved next my happy Fate,
To be a mighty Man of State,
Which I maintain'd, till envious Spite,
Discover'd that I was not Right;
And then in mighty, foul disgrace,
I lost my beneficial Place.

But yet by playing *Cat in Pan*
Again I was a mighty Man,
And very soon came into play,
After the Levite got the Day,
Tho' cast, which I did bring about,
To cast a Loyal Party out,
Which now has got the Day, and I
Detected am in Villany;
So universal Mirth appears,
And Justice it's glad Aspect rears;

B

As

As it took up it's wonted Station,
Maugre all past, sad Speculation.

Alas ! poor Robin once was blest
When a S——r was on his breast,
On which with Red he wore a Blen
An Honour which he never knew,
Before he Jack on both Sides play'd,
Whereby his Fortune might be made,
Tho' he his bad Cause to defend,
Has harden'd Boldness to pretend,
The Finches likewise came in play,
Superiour to t e Kite and Jay;
But as these feather'd Songsters chose
To shun the Heights to which some rose,
So he thought fitting to abstain,
From all appearances of Gain;
But yet with interested Grace,
He cunningly upheld his Place,
For as he never Honour had,
To make the best on t he was glad.

'Tis often said, That Honesty,
Is really the best Policy;
But Lucre made me not to mind
The Proverb, to which I was blind.
All cover, now I see's all lose,
My Trust I did too much abuse,

Or else I need not use my Wings
 To fly the Justice (Sirs) which stings
 My Frailty, not Conscience, for I vow
 I never knew what Conscience was till now
 I own I've been obnoxious to the Right,
 Wherefore I am oblig'd to take a Flight
 For Safety; for was I to have my due
 The greatest Punishments wou'd me pursue.
 A good Estate I now must leave behind,
 Which on my Word agrees not to my Mind;
 My Roguish Tricks and Villany,
 Are come to Light, I plainly see.
 Indeed the most industrious Bob,
 Who once at Chelsea much did rob,
 Is now found out; what must I do?
 The Blockhead I must follow too.
 But hold, that Thought I must forbear,
 The Blockhead will not for me care:
 Because, if you will know the Matter,
 And to my Foes thereof not chatter,
 As I did bring him in a Snare,
 To meet him now I cannot dare;
 And if I in this Climate stay,
 They'll justly take my All away.
 I mean my Life, for no Reprieve
 Will in the Least poor Bob relieve,

So, 'cause you shall not think me rude;
 A Knave in Grain does thus conclude;
 If Comfort to your self you'l bring,
 Fear God, and Honour next your King;
 Embrace all Sparks of Loyalty,
 And to your Country faithfull be.
 Let not your native Soil be sold
 For the Temptation of french Gold;
 And I cou'd this Advice fulfill,
 Robin might here have tarry'd still.

F I N I S.

